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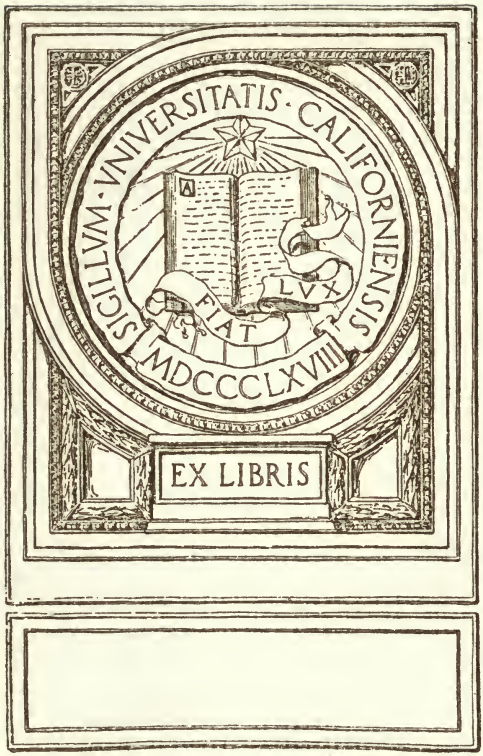
IN MEMORIAM

LUCY WEBB HAYES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LUCY WEBB HAYES.

A Memorial Sketch

BY

MRS. JOHN DAVIS,

AS READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, HELD AT INDIANAPOLIS, NOVEMBER, 1889.

Poem: In Memoriam.

BY

MISS M. A. LATHBURY.

Memorial Paper.

BY

MRS. R. S. RUST.

Addresses by Mrs. Hayes,

DELIVERED AT SEVERAL ANNUAL MEETINGS.

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1890.

Memorial Sketch.

BY

MRS. JOHN DAVIS.

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"She appears on the page of history as an illuminated initial letter."

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Memorial Sketch

OF

LUCY WEBB HAYES.

"Raised above clouds and tears,
Into the deep serene."

ON the 25th of June, 1889, at her home, Spiegel Grove, in the town of Fremont, Ohio, Lucy Webb, wife of Ex-President Hayes, peacefully slept away her life, and entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Her illness, which was apoplexy, lasted but four days; then came the announcement of her death. It sent a shock of pain and grief over the whole land, and even across the sea wherever her name was known. Letters and telegrams of

sympathy came in large numbers from the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned. The press of the country, as by one common impulse, gave generous space to biographical sketches. Military, philanthropic, educational, and religious societies passed resolutions of respect. The State Republican Convention, then in session at Columbus to nominate a governor and State officers, suspended its business to place upon record its esteem for the dead and sympathy for the living. On the day of her funeral every available place in her house was filled with fragrant blossoms, wreathed into beautiful emblems of affectionate remembrance, — the gifts of friends and societies, sent from all points of the compass. In several of the cities and towns flags were at half-mast, business was temporarily suspended, and a hush as of a common grief pervaded the air. A vast multitude from all parts of

her native State, as well as from many other States, came to look on her dear face for the last time. As she was borne by her sons and nephews out of the doors of her beautiful home, where she had so often beamed her welcome on the coming guest, followed by her husband, white and stern in his struggle for composure, and her young, motherless daughter, every heart stood still, every face wore an expression of sorrow.

The funeral *cortege* was preceded by the 23d Ohio Regiment, a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Sons of Veterans, the bands playing selections from her favorite music. She was followed by a great throng of sorrowing friends, and laid away in the earth.

Her grave was a couch of flowers, and the sides up to the very top were lined with roses and evergreens, a faint symbol of the love that must find expression; a love which blended with a respect so wide-spread that the words

of General Fisk were hardly an exaggeration: "The Nation stands with uncovered head." Since then there is scarcely a city or village in the land which has not had, through some society, memorial services in her honor. What had she done thus to concentrate upon herself the attention of the people? Surely there must have been something more than the fact that she had filled the highest station in the country to cause such profound expressions of interest.

The relation she held to the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as well as the warm personal friendship which that relation rendered possible, makes it fitting that we should seek an answer to this question. Our age is artistic, literary, scientific, philosophical, ever ready to study the principles of business and money-getting. How seldom do we stop long enough to dwell upon the results

of our civilization as embodied in individual character! To this study we invite you for a few moments. If we shall be able to present the qualities which, when combined, made this dear friend, in whose memory we are gathered, so noble, so gracious, and so beloved, we shall spend a profitable hour.

Besides, our society has for its chief purpose the educating, ennobling, and elevating of domestic life. It becomes our duty to seek for models, or ideals, that may serve as object lessons; of whom we may say, Here are the principles embodied, here is the life lived which we want you to imitate. If, then, in Mrs. Hayes, the president of our society, our standard-bearer for nine years, we find the qualities which make her even in part a model, an ideal, how suitable that, though dead, she shall yet speak to us!

Before enlarging further, let us briefly review the principal events of her life. She was the only

daughter of Dr. James and Maria Cook Webb, and was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, August 28, 1831. On her mother's side she came of Puritan stock. Her grandfather, Judge Isaac Cook, and all four of her great-grandfathers served in the Revolutionary War in regiments of the Connecticut and Virginia line. Her father, Dr. Webb, who was of an old Virginia family, but born in Kentucky, served in the War of 1812 as a member of the Kentucky Mounted Riflemen. When the subject of this sketch was but an infant, he died of cholera in Lexington, Ky., whither he had gone from his Ohio home for the purpose of manumitting the slaves of his inheritance, with the intention of sending them to Liberia. Mrs. Webb, her mother, was a woman of rare good sense, educated, refined, and of deep religious convictions. From her infancy Lucy was familiar with the sad and pathetic side of life. The death of her father almost broke the mother's heart.

Doubtless this familiarity with sorrow, always battled with, but always more or less present, had its influence on the child in making her the marvelously tender and sympathizing woman whom we so profoundly mourn.

But her sunny and joyous nature was only subdued, not suppressed, and perhaps few children have known a happier childhood. She was educated in part with her brothers in the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, having been admitted as a special pupil. Her education was completed in the Cincinnati Wesleyan College, then under the charge of Rev. P. B. Wilber, a school of very high character, where at that time many of the women of Ohio, as well as those of neighboring States, were educated. It was here I first met her in the autumn of 1848. I am surprised at myself that after the lapse of so many years I distinctly recall her looks, her tone, her dress, and the first words she said to

me. It must be that the intense personality which was in her so marked a feature, that which makes her so vividly present with us this evening, which enables us almost to hear her voice and rejoice in her smile as we did last year, was equally characteristic of her then.

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"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brink and river meet—
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

SHE was sixteen years of age. A pure, innocent face, somewhat shy and demure in expression, large hazel eyes capable of dancing with mirth or melting into tenderness, abundant dark, glossy hair, worn in a style not unlike that with which you are all familiar, mouth sweet and expressive, classically-formed nose, arched eyebrows, full, intellectual forehead, and complexion known as rose brunette. She was of medium height, with a slender, girlish form, in a dress of gray cashmere, made in the extreme of simplicity. The *tout ensemble* gave the impression of a certain *naive* refinement, not unlike that of the Puritan maiden Priscilla, whose picture is so exquisitely drawn for us by Long-

fellow. This is how I saw her that day in school, standing by my desk as I looked up from my book. She said in a half embarrassed way: "Something is going to happen to-day." In some surprise I asked: "What is going to happen?" "Mother is coming to-day," she said. A home-sick girl myself, I was immediately sympathetic. I arose and put my arm around her in the fashion of school-girls, and then we somehow entered into an unspoken compact of intimacy, which lasted with ever-increasing affection for forty-one years.

She was a good student. The veteran teacher of advanced classes sometimes said to the less studious pupils, at the close of recitation: "Young ladies, I commend to you the example of Miss Webb."

Several names, more or less prominent, are found among her school-mates. I can not forbear mentioning one to whom she and all of us referred with special pride and affection, Professor

Rachel L. Bodley, Dean of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia; a woman of ripe scholarship, an honored member of several scientific associations of the country, an enthusiastic promoter of the higher education of women, and a devout Christian. She made a deep mark on the age in which she lived. She, too, has recently passed over to the majority, and ere this perhaps these two friends may have met in the heavenly courts to which they have ascended.

Miss Webb finished her school course in 1850, and soon after became engaged to Rutherford Birchard Hayes, a young lawyer whom she had known for several years, and who had recently established himself in Cincinnati. If I were writing a biography instead of a brief sketch, I should enlarge upon the fact that she had now developed into a beautiful, vivacious girl; I should try to describe to you her life at home with her mother and brothers; I should tell you

something of the social circle in which she moved, of the day of her bridal, the dress she wore, the guests who were present, the grave and dignified young bridegroom, of their return after their wedding journey to their modest housekeeping.

It is enough to say that as her husband established the reputation of being a man of superior ability in his profession, and filled one position of trust after another, his wife's character deepened and broadened with his own.

The peace of these happy years was broken at last by that appalling anachronism of the nineteenth century, our Civil War. Mr. Hayes, and the two brothers of Mrs Hayes were among the first to join the army; and she, in common with other wives and sisters both North and South, entered into the gloom that shadowed every home in our country. She was an intense patriot, a heroic woman, a fit wife for a hero. I doubt if any one ever heard her complain. I doubt if she ever

discouraged her husband even by a look. One day she patiently lay down on her couch of pain, and gave the absent father their fourth son, the little Joseph. A year and a half later he died in her arms while she was with Colonel Hayes at Camp White, near Charleston, W. Va. Such were the exigencies of war that the babe was sent for burial to Cincinnati, unaccompanied by any member of his family. I have heard her say that the bitterest hour of her life was when she stood within the door of the little cottage used for head-quarters, and saw the train bear away the lonely little boy to his last home in Spring Grove Cemetery.

Her life in the camps in West Virginia was almost as busy as that of her husband. The soldiers early learned that she was ever ready to be of use to them. They called the young and blooming woman "Our Mother," because of her motherly ways, of the delicacies she prepared for the sick, of the hymns she sang for them as they

gathered around her on Sunday evening, of the brightness she sought to bring into their anxious lives. It made their love for her amount to veneration. There must have been some affinity for martial life inherited by Mrs. Hayes from her warrior ancestors. Martial music was her delight. She would kindle into enthusiasm at the sight of our flag. She was indeed a patriot!

On the occasion of their silver wedding the 23d Ohio presented her with a silver plate, on which were engraved the following lines, written by one of the private soldiers:

"To thee, Our Mother, on thy silver troth,
We bring this token of our love; thy boys
Give greeting unto thee, with brimming hearts.
Take it, for it is made of beaten coin,
Drawn from the hoarded treasures of thy speech,—
Kind words and gentle, when a gentle word
Was worth the surgery of a hundred schools
To heal sick thought, and make our bruises whole!
Take it, Our Mother; 'tis but some small part
Of thy rare bounty we give back to thee!"

Perhaps among the most valued things in her possession were two gold badges, one a six-pointed star bearing a finely embossed eagle with the inscription, "Society of the Army of West Virginia, Lucy Webb Hayes, Honorary, 1883;" the other a pin bearing her full name, below which hangs a pendant inscribed, "Woman's Relief Corps;" on the reverse, "Presented by the Ohio Woman's Relief Corps to Lucy Webb Hayes, in grateful recognition of her distinguished services in behalf of the Ohio soldier and his children, April 18, 1888." Both of these badges were worn on her breast when she was dressed for the grave. I have just been reading afresh the pathetic story told by herself of the search for her husband after he was wounded at the battle of South Mountain. It is impossible to read it unmoved. Through an omission easily explained by the confusion usual after a battle, the telegram she received merely stated that

Colonel Hayes was wounded, and asked her to come at once. Neither the severity of his wound nor the place where he was to be found were given her. She started, in company with her brother-in-law, Mr. Platt, of Columbus, with only this vague information. They spent six days on the journey, and in their search in the hospitals in Baltimore, Washington, and other places, only to be met always with the word, "Colonel Hayes's name is not to be found in our list of wounded." At last, worn out with fatigue and despair, they went a second time to the Patent Office, then an improvised hospital. As she was descending the steps after another fruitless morning's search she saw several wounded and battered soldiers with the badge of the 23d Ohio on their caps. Almost frantic, she called out to them to tell her where she might find their colonel. The boys looked their astonished dismay. "Why, it is Mrs. Hayes," they said. They gathered around her,

gave her the desired information, and tried to comfort her with their pity. In relating it she said, "I remember how it all looked, the time of day, the wounded men all around me, my own wretchedness;" and adds, with pathetic significance: "I have never been in the Patent Office since." She reached her husband twelve hours later in the little village of Middletown, Md. She says: "I found him in a small room, in a little brick house, doing well, but very anxious about me. He greeted me with the sorrowful badinage: 'And so, dear, you stopped to do Baltimore and Washington before coming to me, did you?'"

In 1866, General Hayes was elected to Congress, and afterwards was three times called to fill the office of Governor of the State of Ohio. In 1876 he was chosen for the high office of President of the United States. After four years of official life at the head of the Nation, he retired to his home at Fremont, where he and

Mrs. Hayes spent the succeeding nine years of their life. Here the hands, so full of holy endeavors, were destined to be suddenly folded for rest. Here the angel of death found her and bore her away.

"When you come where I have stepped,
You will wonder why you wept."

LET us look now a little more closely, to find, if we can, what were the characteristics that united to make her life so symmetrical and impressive, and how circumstances had combined to prepare her for the high position to which she was called. We shall begin with her home, her domestic life. Every woman should be able to bear the closest scrutiny here. It is the key to the situation. Any failure at this point will defeat not only individual happiness, but must defeat the best that there is in the people at large. This you will say is self-evident; nevertheless we wish it might sink deep into the heart of every one, especially the young. Mrs. Hayes had a practical knowledge of household duties, and held that such knowledge was the accomplishment of the true

woman. She believed that the education of books is not the only education of life. In the early days, when still a young mother, she did much of her own sewing. Her garden, her dairy, her poultry, the beautiful Alderneys, were all sources of pleasure. Her friends often had on their tables golden butter made by her own hands. She knew well how to instruct her servants in every detail of practical housekeeping. In later years, when she had become the president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, she was watchful—jealous, indeed—that the literary education of the young girls in our industrial schools should always be subordinate to the intimate practical knowledge of household industries. Let us make this statement as emphatic as possible. Let it reach the ear of every young girl that we are trying to influence through our organization, and let us hold ourselves to it even more strongly than ever, now that her voice is silent.

She was a good mother. Her children were her comrades. When they were together you felt that they were all of an age. She entered into their pleasures with an abandon equal to their own. Up to manhood there was no fun perfect to her boys without their mother. There was no delight so great to them as to play off upon her some innocent prank or joke. One of the sons tells, with great amusement, that when his father and mother were at an immense reception in a New England town, he stood an hour in line in order to shake her hand, and repeat the not unusual greeting that "we old farmers thank you for the stand you have taken on temperance;" and she thanked him cordially in return, without the slightest idea that she was speaking to her own son. Her enjoyment of this little story was the best part of it. And yet they never failed in genuine reverence for her. Her wish was really their law. As might be expected, her sons and

daughter were to her an unalloyed joy. I doubt if any one of them ever gave her cause for a moment's anxiety. We dare not invade the sacredness of the relation between herself and her husband, except to say that it was perfect. The respect which each held for the other, and the perfect accord of their lives, together with the beautiful relations which they both held to their children, made their home an example for every other household. It was the best side of their lives. No one ever came under their roof without going away cheered by the obvious happiness of their family relations.

She came of educated and refined parents, who in turn sprang from people of standing and worth. Her early youth had been spent in the social life of Chillicothe, the first capital of Ohio, and one of its most cultured cities. Her literary education was much beyond the average. She was already somewhat familiar with the social

etiquette of Washington from her residence there for four years. She had been the wife of the Governor of Ohio for three terms. She was in the full maturity of middle life, a close observer, a keen and somewhat incisive judge of character and motives. She had beauty, grace, and dignity. She had such tact that she was sure to be mistress of the situation however difficult. But, best of all, she had an exacting conscience, quick sympathies, an unselfish nature, and that rare common sense which kept her steady and unspoiled. With this generous equipment, she entered the station where the eyes of the whole country were focused upon her, with some trepidation, but with the courage born of self-respect. The verdict of the country is that no woman ever filled that position with more distinction and grace. None ever gave to the Executive Mansion a sweeter atmosphere or a more elevated moral tone. Judging from the eulogies

since pronounced upon her, no one has ever been more surely enthroned in the affections of the people. We should like to hide the hour-glass and linger a little upon this culminating period of her life. Naturally it is to her friends one of absorbing interest. Indeed, why may we not spend a moment in recalling a few of the circumstances of the time, and in relating one or two instances which will show the tact and grace with which she met its demands? I know of nothing that will better illustrate her genuineness of character. I was present, with a few other friends and relatives, on the day that General Hayes was inaugurated President. It was a profoundly impressive scene. When seen more than once, it must still be a fascinating spectacle. To unaccustomed eyes it was even much more than that.

First was the noble room in which we were assembled, worthy in its architectural proportions and its dignity of adornments of the scene about

to take place. The galleries were full of the *élite* of the country. The members of the House of Representatives, Senators, distinguished officers of the army and navy, the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Diplomatic Corps came in, announced by the proper officer, one body after another, and took their usual seats. The Senators and Representatives were in the dress of the American citizen, officers of the army and navy in glittering uniform and equipments; then came the black-robed Justices, and the gorgeous array of the Diplomatic Corps — many of them representing the nobility of foreign courts. After all these distinguished people had been seated, there came a moment's pause, a hush over the house, a stillness of expectancy. The officer announced the President of the United States, and General Grant and General Hayes, the outgoing and incoming Presidents, walked in arm-in-arm, amid the silence of the whole body, who at once arose

and stood until they were seated. All this scene was eloquently suggestive of the glory and dignity of the position our friend was about to assume. In some trepidation lest she, too, might be overwhelmed by the same flutterings of heart that overcame our courage, we looked to the seat below us, where she sat in company with Mrs. General Grant and her own little daughter. She was intensely absorbed, but composed in manner. As her husband seated himself, I fancied that his eye sought hers; but they were both outwardly serene during this ceremonial scene, and so remained throughout the reading of the inaugural before the great sea of upturned faces in the square of the Capitol, the taking of the oath of office, and the return to the historic mansion which for four years was to be their home. At the close of this wonderful day we gathered round the dinner-table in the White House, where for the first time Mrs. Hayes

assumed the duties of hostess. Perhaps she was a little subdued, but, with that exception, she was her usual self, considerate, cheerful, watchful of the comfort of every one. But for the stately dining-room and the presence of the corps of servants, she might have been in her home at Fremont, so little did she seem perturbed. After dinner she called us all around her, and, in her own inimitable manner of half pleasantry, she said she was confronted with an embarrassment at the very outset of her official life; that, while all the rooms were spacious and elegant, there was one that was known as the State bedroom, which was, *par excellence*, the one for distinguished guests, where even Royalty had sometimes rested its head. "Now," she said, "I am too wise a woman to make a choice among you who may each be supposed to have a right to this distinction, and thus make you my enemies. I have thought of an expedient; you shall draw cuts."

We laughingly agreed to abide by this decision. One of the gentlemen ran to the steward for the broom-straws, and, breaking them into the required number of pieces, held them for each one to draw. I speak with authority when I tell you that the friend who slept in that room was much more impressed with the tact of the hostess than even with the carved old furniture, the satin hangings, exquisite laces, or the historic associations of the room, and the greater richness of landscape as seen from the windows. It was clear that one who could turn a corner in this graceful fashion might be safely trusted with even greater difficulties of social diplomacy.

During one of my visits in the early part of the administration, I found the house full of the stir and excitement of preparation for a great event. President and Mrs. Hayes were about to give their first reception to the Diplomatic Corps. In their honor they had invited all the distinguished

officials in Washington, and many notable people from various parts of the country. Naturally it was a busy hour for Mrs. Hayes,—seeing that the dressing-rooms were in perfect order; consulting with officials about flags, flowers, and other adornments for the house; saying some last words about the dress she was to wear; giving orders to the steward about the banquet, etc., etc.; for, while each of these duties belonged to its appointed officer, Mrs. Hayes kept the guidance of the work in her own hands. At the busiest moment one of the sons came to his mother with a look of annoyed anxiety, and told her that a man and two women, Quakers, insisted on seeing her and his father. They said they were charged with a religious message, and would tarry until they could be received. He added: "There are at least fifty people waiting to see father, some of them on important business by appointment. Of course he can not see them, and of course you

can not stop to see any one. I 'll just tell them we have had prayers, that we are all right, and send them away." His mother stopped his volubility with a look, and, turning to me, said: "What shall I do? How can I stop just now?" But in a moment added, "They may have come a long way; we must see them;" and quietly walked into the library, preceded by the President, where sat the grave Friend, with his hat planted firmly on his head, and beside him two placid, sweet-faced companions. After greeting them, we all sat down together in perfect stillness for what seemed a long time, waiting till the Friend should be ready to deliver his message. At last he said he had been sent by the Yearly Meeting of their body to bring a message to them, and calling them each by name, Rutherford and Lucy, he opened the Scriptures and read various passages in which denunciation and promises followed one another somewhat evenly balanced,

charged Rutherford that if he failed in obedience to the great and infinite Ruler of the universe, all these woes of the Book would come not only upon him, but upon all the people, and enlarged at great length upon the blessedness of that people whose God is the Lord; and then, after another long and impressive silence, we all bowed our heads, and he uttered a solemn prayer. At its close the President shook hands, and thanked him, and excused himself. Mrs. Hayes took them leisurely through the private rooms of the house, showed them its beautiful appointments, pointed out the lovely views from its windows, and then bade them a kind good-bye at her door. They never knew that they had nearly consumed one of the busiest mornings of her life. As she turned to her interrupted work she simply said: "It would never have done not to see them." I saw she was quieted and rested, and I repeated to myself the quaint Saxon proverb:

"Prayer and provender hinder no man." Perhaps this is not the time and place to say how our beloved friend acquitted herself during her first diplomatic reception as the Queen of the Republic, but I can not forbear giving my own assent to the universal verdict of the time that she was the most regal-looking woman of that distinguished company. Her frank, genial welcome as hostess communicated to the magnificent company an atmosphere of ease and sociability especially appropriate to a republican gathering, where all are equals, and unfamiliar to the official gatherings of royal courts.

The Question of Wine.

SHE had come to a conclusion upon this matter before going to Washington, she and General Hayes together; for, as she repeatedly said, she could have done nothing without his support. She reasoned after this fashion: "I trust I am not a fanatic, but I do want my influence to be always in favor of temperance. Now, I have never hitherto offered wine to my family or my guests. I am not willing to begin to do so now. I am still to be mistress and hostess, even though I may be the wife of the President of the United States, and my table be laid in Washington instead of Cincinnati, Columbus, or Fremont. It is true I shall violate a precedent; but I shall not violate the Constitution, which is all that, through my husband, I have taken the oath to obey. If I

were to be a guest in foreign courts I should expect my entertainers to dictate the table courses according to their individual customs; I certainly should not expect them to yield a conviction in my behalf. I believe these gentlemen and ladies of the Diplomatic Corps and other foreigners will concede as much to me. I am willing to trust them. As for my own countrymen, they are accustomed to independent action. I shall trust them, too." And so, without reflection upon her predecessors, she quietly acted according to her best judgment, and dispensed her hospitality without stimulants. That so simple a matter as deciding upon the *menu* for her own table should have occasioned so much comment, caused her some surprise. It was easier for her to bear unkind criticism than the expostulation of friends who feared it would be considered an unwelcome innovation, and cause embarrassment in the festivities incident to their official position. But she held her

ground. She said she hoped to provide so generously in other respects that there would be no reasonable occasion for complaint, and begged that the members of the Cabinet would join her in showing that wit, anecdote, repartee, and brilliancy of conversation were possible at a banquet without the accessories of stimulants; and so it proved. That she had not measured the wide and far-reaching influence of her decision, does not lessen its value. Like most exalted souls, she was humble, and builded better than she knew. But is it not true, after all, that the real value of the action lay in the fact that she was brave and unmoved in supporting that which she believed to be right? Good, strong convictions—convictions that are aggressive, and may even become exasperating—are rare. Perhaps it is due to increased intelligence and large thinking; but a great many people are so "judicial," I believe they call it—that is, they want to be so fair to all

sides—that they are not ready when a direct, telling blow must be struck for the right. Mrs. Hayes was not one of these. Her duty was sharply defined, clear cut, and she had the courage of her convictions. That is one reason why to-day she is one of the prominent characters of the century.

She did not let "I dare not wait upon I would."

Testimonials.

Out of the great amount of material which I have at command, I select a very few tributes paid her for her course on this subject. They give additional proof that we are dealing with the character of a great woman—one who belongs to the world, and not to a locality. I find most of them in the volumes presented by the ladies of Illinois to Mrs. Hayes at the close of her husband's Administration. They consist of sentiments by people distinguished in literature, art, politics, philanthropy, journalism, and religion. Some of them may have been in print before; but if so, they were sent by their authors, who themselves applied them to Mrs. Hayes:

Lucy Webb Hayes is, humanly speaking, the world's greatest loss in 1889. How few indeed had it to lose

like her, ideal woman, that she was, of Home and Church and State! Total abstinence has never had such a standard-bearer as this noble woman, and centuries from now, when other incidents in our National life at this period shall be recalled but dimly, her steadfast adherence to the truest Christian hospitality will be told as a memorial of her. FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The woman who, standing in the chief home, stood bravely for the sake of every home in the land.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

"Highest, who stoops to lift the low." The fragrance of her goodness will linger forever about the Executive Mansion. FRED DOUGLASS.

To perform one's functions with fidelity and simplicity is to be both hero and saint.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Her country also, and it praiseth her.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

When high moral worth and courage combine with gentleness, matronly dignity, graciousness, and sweetest charity, the charm is complete. D. HUNTINGTON,

President National Academy of Design, New York.

God bless the woman who fearlessly antagonizes the greatest enemy of mankind! JUSTICE BARNES,

Of the Superior Court of Dakota Territory.

Look in our eyes: your welcome waits you there,
North, South, East, West, from all and everywhere.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
In welcoming Mrs. Hayes to Boston.

Her presence lends its warmth and health to all who come before it;
If woman lost us Eden, then such as she alone restore it. WHITTIER.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise. LONGFELLOW.

Her Presidency of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

I HAVE had a purpose in recalling and hastily touching upon some of the more prominent events of her life. I wonder if it will seem too much to say that its opportunities and distinctions had an even wider significance than had thus far appeared; that they were to be a contribution to a greater work than any she had thus far done. I submit the question whether there is any greater work in this world after one's duty to home and family, than the helping to uplift a race?

It was urged upon Mrs. Hayes that she had this rare opportunity; that the Woman's Home Missionary Society was formed for this especial purpose; that she could do a work for it as its president in calling attention to it, and com-

manding confidence in it, that at this stage of its existence perhaps no one else could do, not only because of her prominence, but because she was known to be a woman of rare judgment and a loyal Methodist. (It was Dr. Rust who first suggested Mrs. Hayes for this position.) She hesitated; she coveted the ease and retirement of her home in Fremont after her many years of public life; besides, in her modesty, she doubted her essential fitness for the office. Her objections were overruled, and she became our President. Her interest in the society grew from year to year. She presided at each of our annual sessions, and was also present at very many of the meetings of the General Executive Board, coming from Fremont to Cincinnati for that purpose. I dare not trust myself to speak of what she was to us at these meetings. It is enough to say that we esteemed her invaluable. As one said, she was the most modest and the wisest of us all. Her love

of country approached a passion; and, while a generous giver to foreign missions, she kept the first place in her heart for the work at home.

She was familiar with the needs of the black race. Her husband had helped, with his sword, to break their chains. She well knew that the Christian philanthropy of the next half century at least should devote itself to repairing, as far as possible, the wrong that had been done to them in slavery. She gave her best thought, in common with others, to methods by which this might be done. The Freedmen's Aid and other societies were chiefly engaged in their literary education. The Woman's Home Missionary Society decided that its work should be largely industrial; that is, it should undertake the domestic or family training of Negro girls and women, and seek to make them good housewomen, good wives, mothers, and daughters And so it comes about that, while we sit together this evening in this

house of worship, there are many places throughout the South where we have comfortable, commodious buildings, called industrial or model homes, where are gathered numbers of young women, many of whom have hitherto known no home but the plantation cabin, who, under the charge of Christian matrons or superintendents, are being taught habits of order, neatness—all indeed of the home industries—and the higher duties of chastity, purity of thought, and the transforming principles of Christianity. Recently we have projected two such model homes for the illiterate white girls of the South, which will doubtless soon be built.

In other portions of our country, known as missionary territory, we pursue something of the same methods, modified to suit the need of different localities. In Utah we have dotted the territory here and there with school-houses, where, under the charge of missionaries, we are teaching

the industries of life and the pure gospel of home.

The same general plan has been adapted to work among the Indians and New Mexicans, and recently in Washington Territory and Alaska, while a great deal of what we call local work is being done in some of our cities. This includes the support of missionaries among the newly arrived immigrants in New York and Boston. Mrs. Hayes's whole heart was in the work. She was specially interested in the department of supplies. Nothing touched her warm heart as did the needs of the poorly-paid ministers and their families on the frontiers.

The barrels and boxes sent from Fremont she helped to pack with her own hands, and you may be sure that no worn-out or unfit clothing found its way into the Fremont box.

You will find in the later pages of this monograph the "last words" of our beloved President,

her address given to us at Boston, as well as other of her addresses. You will there see not only the great work of the society she did so much to found, but as you read you will, I think, feel the beat of her heart, the spirit she brought into the work, and get some idea of our irreparable loss.

Her Christian Character.

HER creed was short, but it contained all the law and the prophets. At our annual meeting last year, as we stood together one morning before starting for the church, gravely talking of the important work we had before us, of the need we felt of great faith, of consecration, and divine wisdom, she turned her sweet eyes full of tears upon me and said: "O, I am not good, but I do try to keep the Golden Rule. I do try to do to others as I would they should do to me."

Those who knew her best say that this was her working principle, the law of her life. She had so assimilated it into her character that she was under its constant control. This is much to say of any one. It is the highest Christian attainment. If true of her, it explains why she had

so strong a hold on the hearts of the people, and it lifts this eulogy of her life, if you so call it, into a safe place—into a eulogy of the law itself. If there be a principle which, when applied, can transform imperfect human nature, revolutionize it, make it all sweet, unselfish and like the angels, why not exalt the principle?

Obedience to this law made her just, generous, unselfish, warm and ready in sympathy. It made her so human, shall we call it? A friend, on the day of her funeral, in answer to the question why there had assembled this great multitude of respectful, sorrowing people, replied: "It is a tribute of the people to a woman of the people. Lucy Hayes was at one with humanity."

It was the influence of this law upon her life that made her as genuinely interested in the plain people who entertained her with their homely affairs as she was in the refined and educated.

There was not the least trace of affectation, of condescension or patronage in her bearing toward them, because she felt none. She would be one helpfully to prepare for and welcome the kindly village people to a church festival with sincere cordiality. They believed she was their friend, because in her heart she *was* their friend. She judged people by character, not by social position. One whose estimates are taken from so high an altitude is not liable to be disturbed lest his own dignity be jostled or upset. He does not even think of his dignity.

A friend told me that once when she was in church with Mrs. Hayes, soon after they went to Washington, she suggested to her that there ought to be an unwritten law, a kind of common consent rule, that would keep the audience in place until the Presidential party retired, to save the crowding and crushing by the curious, which rendered egress almost impossible. She

looked a mild rebuke, as she said: "No, dear; here we are all on one level."

I have heard one of her neighbors tell that when the Annual Conference of the Church was about to meet in Fremont, her pastor went to her to know how many ministers she could entertain. She replied she would take ten or fifteen, but she said: "Brother, I want you to pick out for me some of the hard-worked ministers and their wives who have had rather a poor time on their circuits. Send them to us and we will try to give them a pleasant week." It was this "put yourself in his place" principle which made her stop her carriage (you've all heard of it), and pick up a poor, drunken woman from the street, and take her to her home.

One night, at Fremont, Mrs. Hayes had retired to her room, after doing duty to a houseful of guests, to be awakened at midnight by the heavily falling rain. Suddenly fears for the safety of a humble old neighbor, who lived down by

the river, began to disturb her. She could not rest. She got up, called the coachman, and sent him through the darkness to the little cottage, to find the rapidly rising waters already in the room of the lonely woman. She was put in the carriage, and driven to Spiegel Grove, where Mrs. Hayes had prepared her a room and dry clothing, and stood ready to welcome her. In the morning she was introduced to the guests at the breakfast-table as the friend that had rained down upon them in the night, and, seated by her hostess, she was made to feel welcome and unembarrassed amid the elegant company.

But we might multiply examples indefinitely. Her neighbors, friends, and acquaintances could supply many more quite as impressive as those I have given. They throw strong side-lights on her character.

Shakespeare makes Shylock say: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with

you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you." This spirit of caste thus strongly paragraphed found its rebuke in the daily life of Mrs. Hayes.

The press of the time made frequent reference to the "Sunday evenings" at the White House. I recall one of these evenings with especial pleasure, as I think it was not often that so many people whose names are the property of the Nation happened together informally at the same time. Perhaps the reason is found in the fact that though the ceremonious reception in honor of the silver wedding of President and Mrs. Hayes occurred the next (Monday) evening, yet this was the real anniversary of that event. There were perhaps thirty or forty people gathered around the piano. Vice-President Wheeler selected the hymns and directed the singing. He would have reminded you of the teacher of a village singing-school, in his earnest and hearty

interest in leading his choir, as he called it. There were Chief-Justice and Mrs. Waite, Justice and Mrs. Harlan and their daughter, Secretaries Evarts, Sherman, and Devins, Mr. Bancroft the historian, Generals Sherman and McCook, Senator Dawes and daughter, and many others, whose names I do not now recall. Most of them joined heartily in singing the hymns of Watts, Toplady, Montgomery, Cowper, and Charles Wesley. Mr. Wheeler had little patience with the ephemeral compositions found in the revival hymnals; but once in a while, as on this evening, his Presbyterian proprieties were overruled by the more florid and enthusiastic members of the company, and all would burst, as with one consent, into the chorus of "The Sweet By and By," "I Need Thee Every Hour," and "Hold the Fort." This last seemed an especial favorite. I hushed my own voice, and looked around on the assembled company, as they made the beautiful room ring

with the inspiring melody; each one seemed intent on singing the chorus with his own special emphasis. The enthusiasm was too much for Mr. Wheeler; he deserted his principles, and, beating time with his hand, he sang with all the power of his splendid lungs. General Sherman, though not singing, was captured by the martial chorus, and seemed to enforce its command with every muscle of his mercurial body. The only apparently unstirred one of the company was the President himself, who sat, with his arm around his little girl, looking grave and preoccupied. Immediately above him hung Stewart's full-length portrait of Washington. It did not need a great stretch of fancy to inform his splendid figure with life and with interest in the scene below, or to suppose that he also might be chanting the chorus for the encouragement of the thoughtful man whose shoulders were now pressed with the cares akin to those he once

bore. We all know the tendency there is to relax into secular habits of thought and conversation of a Sunday evening. I have recalled this incident to show you how the wise tact so characteristic of Mrs. Hayes was used, not only to provide for her family and the friends who were in the habit of dropping in a pleasant way of spending the time, but that in this way the atmosphere of the day "set apart" might be unobtrusively recognized and preserved, while at the same time she was the farthest possible from being an ascetic or from having any officious sanctimony.

Conclusion.

The literature of eulogy, found in editorial and other notices of her death, makes interesting reading. It is a hopeful sign when genuine qualities call forth such emphatic language from the best journalists of the day. It means that unaffected goodness is at a premium.

The lofty position she held, doubtless fixed attention upon these qualities. It did not create them. As one writer says: "She made a name for herself; without controversy she represents the highest type of American womanhood." We hope there will be a biography written of her that will include the noble words said of her by the press, as well as some of the touching personal letters written by the great and good of our country.

I can imagine the amazed incredulity with which she would run her own eye over these words. In her modesty she would utterly disclaim them as applying to her. Nevertheless we who reach out our hands in vain for the warm clasp that never failed us before—we who knew her best—rejoice that the sentiment of the country is so nearly true.

We must now close this sketch, written in sadness. While writing it, I wished a wish for myself and for you all—I covet for us the "best gifts"—that is, that we may take from the study of this character its most beautiful lesson, that the glorious adornment of the heart is the Golden Rule graven by the pen of our Lord; that rule which is the epitome of the gospel, which if lived literally would transform us all—yes, and the world, too—into angels. It is the best missionary rule in the whole Bible. Shall it be that we shall no longer let it float in a

chaotic way around us, touching us most nearly and sweetly at times; then, alas! evading us, and leaving us often to grope amidst the mists of self-will; but that from henceforth we shall capture and imprison it in our deepest consciousness—let it dominate every thought, every word, every action?

The question she asked us last year is infinitely touching to us now: "Watchman, what of the night?" How soon, if this rule were the molding principle of this world, might we "wave the answer back to heaven," beloved friend, "Lo! the Prince of Peace; lo! the Son of God has come!" If she could speak to us from where she dwells in ineffable glory, with "sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past," we might hear her solemnly say to us at this hour: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

In Memoriam: A Poem.

BY

MARY A. LATHBURY.

In Memory

OF

LUCY WEBB HAYES.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

FRIENDS, who sit in silent grief
Before her vacant place,
And seek, through blinding mists of tears,
The loved and vanished face!
Lift up your eyes; though mists lie low
Upon the path she trod,
She walks transfigured in the light
That crowns the hills of God.

We know the sweet and sacred spring
Of love—beyond all art—
That gave her smile the potent charm
That won the Nation's heart.

We saw the halo and the crown,
By other eyes unseen,
That placed upon her rightful throne
The woman and the queen.

We saw—yet dimly did we see—
That where our leader stood
The heavens were bending down to meet
Her growing angelhood.
Then from the heights there fell a voice
Upon her inner ear,
So heart-alluring, low, and sweet,
That now—she is not here!

"He giveth his beloved sleep."
He also sends the morn.
Into that rare and radiant day
A child of earth is born.
The Lord be with us till we sleep,
And then—all labor done—
Into the light of that long day
Receive us, every one!

Memorial Paper.

BY

MRS. R. S. RUST.

THIS paper was prepared and read as introductory to a special service, held November 1, 1889, in pursuance of the following resolution, which had been sent out by the General Executive Board of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, earlier in the summer:

"*Resolved*, That we invite the Auxiliaries, Circles, Bands, and Friends of the Society to contribute offerings, precious memorials, and forward them to the General Board of Managers, to meet in Indianapolis the last of October.

"These offerings will be presented, through the Conference Secretaries, at an hour designated during the Convention, and will be consecrated to the establishment of a Deaconess Home and Training-school for missionaries. The institution will bear the honored name of Lucy Webb Hayes, and prove, we trust, an unfailing inspiration to secure those elements of character which rendered her life so useful and beautiful. It will commemorate her deep interest in behalf of home missions, and serve as a humble memorial of the love cherished for her by the good people of this Nation."

Memorial Paper.

A DISTINCTIVE feature of the latter half of the nineteenth century is the development of so many good and true women. We esteem it a special evidence of divine favor that one of the most illustrious women of modern times—one whom the Church and the Nation delighted to honor—has been the first and only president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Nearly nine years she rendered most valuable service, presiding at our annual sessions, meeting with the Executive Board, and in times of darkness and despondency counseling, encouraging, and inspiring us with faith and hope.

We meet in sorrow to-day. For the first time in our history our beloved president is not with

us. We are bereft. The sense of sadness is oppressive. "She walked with God, and is not; for God took her."

When it seemed as though home and friends and Church and country needed her the most, she was suddenly taken from our midst—from the sphere of love and service, and translated to the realm of a blessed immortality. The sad intelligence of her death sent sorrow all over our land, and the occupants of palace and cabin participated in the general lamentation.

The society was called into existence, by the providence of God, to meet a great want in our land. It was organized in 1880, and on the 8th of June the first meeting in its behalf was held at Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

In arranging for the work, and in the selection of our president, we were led in a way we knew not. In devising means for developing and

organizing the latent forces of the Church among its women, we felt that God was with us, pointing out duty and guiding in its performance. After our plans were made, with our inexperience and timidity, we shrank from assuming official responsibility. The final meeting for the selection of officers had been called for the following day, and, at the last moment, no one had been found available for the responsible office of president. We had counseled with one another; we had sought divine aid; but, as yet, no one answering our need had been found. In our home, at a late hour, we counseled together around the family altar, and submitted the difficult problem to our Heavenly Father for solution, and still again, on bended knee at our bedside, we cried for light and help.

After midnight, I was aroused by my husband, who said, "Elizabeth, I have found a president for you," and then suggested Mrs. Ruther-

ford B. Hayes for president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

She was then at Washington, preoccupied by her duties as the wife of the President of the United States. At first I urged objections. Mrs. Hayes will not be able to give much attention to the management of a new missionary enterprise. It might subject her to criticism for engaging in denominational work. It might be deemed too insignificant an office to receive indorsement from so high a source. Our motive in approaching one occupying so exalted and conspicuous a position might be misjudged, and we seem presumptive and intrusive.

To every objection Mr. Rust answered that he felt she was the providential woman for the office of president of our society, and that she would not hesitate to give her influence to a cause so full of promise to our country.

The next day the ladies met at the church,

as appointed, and the minutes of the meeting furnish the following report:

"*July 10th.*—At an adjourned meeting, Mrs. Bishop Wiley in the chair. Mrs. Rust presented the report of the Committee on Nomination, as follows: President, Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Bishop I. W. Wiley, Mrs. F. S. Hoyt, Mrs. Bishop Clark, Mrs. A. Shinkle, and Mrs. J. M. Walden; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. S. Rust; Recording Secretary, Mrs. James Dale; Treasurer, Mrs. A. R. Clark."

The report of the committee was adopted, and the corresponding secretary communicated to Mrs. Hayes, through her pastor, Rev. Dr. Lanahan, the information of her election. At first she hesitated to accept the office, lest her duties at Washington might prevent active co-operation with the society. After the most earnest solicitation from her numerous friends—among whom was her life-long and esteemed

associate, Mrs. John Davis—she accepted the position, and in her letter of acceptance said: "If the ladies of the Woman's Home Missionary Society believe that my name, and such service as I may be able to render, will aid so good a cause, I can not decline." The event has proved the wisdom of the action.

Her influence as president has been of inestimable value to the society. The honor and esteem with which she was regarded by the good people of this Nation led to a favorable consideration of the cause she had espoused; while her quick grasp of the principles involved, her clear understanding of the details of the work, and her wise judgment as to the policy and methods of reformatory work, have been of great value in the administration of its affairs.

Mrs. Hayes was beautiful in person and character. She impressed all who came under her influence with the genuineness of her womanly

qualities. She was at heart good and sympathetic, and took a deep interest in every phase of human suffering. She was never happier than when visiting and relieving the needs of the poor, blending the consolations of religion with the comforts of life; never happier than when in the hospital and on the battle-field, aiding the sick and wounded, and cheering the dying with the blessed truths of eternal life. Even in the White House, the recipient of its honors, she experienced less real enjoyment than when actively engaged in Christ's service in humble cottage or cabin, in hospital or on battle-field. In the rich cluster of graces that adorned her character, her love for suffering humanity and her interest in the welfare of our own land shone the brightest.

As she studied the destitute portions of our country, and became more fully acquainted with the needs of the people, she appreciated more highly the mission of this society, and gave most

cheerfully her best efforts to its advancement. In a letter received by the writer a few days before her death, she said: "I realize more than ever the significance of this Home Mission work, and my love and interest in it grow stronger every day."

It is fitting that those associated with her in this work of love should bring precious offerings to commemorate her beautiful character and life. Nothing could more appropriately express her wish, represent the purpose of her life, hold her in grateful memory, and perpetuate the influence of her character, than the erection of a memorial building, consecrated to the improvement of society and the elevation of woman.

Addresses of Lucy Webb Hayes

AT THE

Annual Meetings of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them.

ADDRESSES

AT THE

Annual Meetings of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

THE seven Annual Reports issued during the presidency of Mrs. Hayes contain either extracts from her addresses, or concise abstracts of them. What relates to her words has therefore been obtained from the reports, and will follow in chronological order, closing with the last delivered in Boston, which is given in full.

The First Annual Meeting

Was held in St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, October 30, 1882.

After a service of prayer for half an hour, conducted by Mrs. Prof. Wm. G. Williams, of Delaware,

Ohio, in which Mrs. Dr. Leavitt, of the First Baptist Church, and other ladies participated, at 10.30 A. M. the president, Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, opened the first annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

In kind and cheering words she expressed deep interest in the work of the society, and cordial sympathy with its purposes and plans. It gave her especial pleasure to meet with the ladies in this their first annual gathering. As her distance from the General Executive Board had compelled her to be absent from most of their meetings, and hence had kept her from an intimate acquaintance with the workings of the Board, she felt unable to assume the responsibility of conducting the business sessions of the convention. Assuring the friends that her heart was with them in all the plans for advancing the interests of the society, she transferred the work of direction to Mrs. John Davis, the first vice-president.

At the second annual meeting, held at St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church in November, 1883, Mrs. Hayes was not present.

The Third Annual Meeting

Was held at Cleveland, Ohio, October, 1884. Mrs. Hayes delivered the opening address in a distinct and impressive manner, her rich voice filling the large audience-room. She spoke as follows:

"The women of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Cincinnati, in 1880, formed a National Missionary Society, whose work is to be done among the needy populations of our own country.

"The last General Conference of our Church, after ample consideration, gave it official recognition, and adopted it as one of the trusted instrumentalities of the Church, under the name of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"At this, the first meeting of the society since this very important and conclusive action, we may well pause to express our gratitude to God that the good and wise men who legislate for the Methodist Episcopal Church have, with entire unanimity and with the greatest zeal, thus recognized and adopted our society.

"We may now, having the solemn and responsible sanction of our Church, devote ourselves with the utmost confidence to the interesting special work devolved upon us.

"Our field of usefulness is of great extent. Our home population embraces elements more or less extensive of every important race, nationality, and language. They are of all conditions, material, intellectual, and moral.

"Coming originally from every part of the world, they are here seated in the midst of this central continent, which looks out from widely extended coasts and almost countless harbors upon

the two oceans on which is carried the larger part of commerce of the globe. By the agencies of our advancing civilization, in the near future this people will surely wield a commanding influence in the affairs, in the education, and in the religion of all mankind.

"The inspiring and attractive field which invites our efforts is the home. First in importance and first in number are the homes of the uninformed, destitute, and unfortunate of our own race—those of our own kith and kin. To these we must add the just claims of the lately emancipated people and their posterity, of the Indians, of the Mormons, of the Spanish Americans, and of the Chinese now within our borders—all of whom, it has been well said, have claims upon us for Christian civilization not to be surpassed by those of the heathen of foreign lands.

"We believe that the character of a people

depends mainly on its homes. Our special aim therefore is to improve home environments, home education, home industries, and home influences.

"We wish to strive for the attainment of these worthy ends by means upon which we can, with an assured hope, conscientiously invoke the Divine blessing."

The Fourth Annual Meeting

Was held at Philadelphia in October, 1885. What Mrs. Hayes said is summed up as follows:

"The Fourth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church finds our society in a condition of prosperity so marked and so encouraging that our first duty is with grateful hearts to return thanks for the signal blessings which by the Divine favor have been showered upon us. The past year has been emphatically a year of growth. The official

reports which will be made to this meeting will, it is believed, show a large and most gratifying increase of Conference organizations, of auxiliary societies, of juvenile societies, and of membership. A corresponding gain will appear in the funds and other means of usefulness in the benevolent work which we have undertaken to do.

"At our annual meeting held in Cleveland it was our sad duty to record the death of Bishop Simpson, whose name in connection with our work gave to it strength and dignity, and whose tender sympathy and wise counsel will be remembered by us all. So, to-day, our mutual congratulations on the advance of the cause in which we are engaged, are mingled with feelings of deepest sadness as we recall the death of Bishop Wiley. He died, soon after our last meeting, at his post of duty in Foochow, China. To us his death is an especial affliction and an irreparable loss.

From the earliest beginnings of our enterprise he was our trusted and earnest adviser and helper. Thoroughly acquainted with the foreign field of missionary labor, and personally engaged in it during many of the most active years of his life, he was so well persuaded that missionary work at home furnished the only sure foundation for success and progress abroad, that he gave his whole influence and power to the organization of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, and to its recognition and adoption by the Church. We shall always remember him as the accomplished scholar, the eloquent and devoted preacher, and as our wise, generous, and loving friend in the days of our weakness and greatest need. It is for us to bear in mind, while we cherish his memory, that the most honorable memorial we can erect to him will be to carry forward to triumphant success our benevolent work, which he did so much to inaugurate and establish."

The Fifth Annual Meeting

Was held at Detroit, October 28 to November 2, 1886. Mrs. Hayes spoke with a clear voice and distinct utterance that insured careful attention :

"The Fifth Annual Meeting of our society is held under circumstances which may well fill our hearts with gratitude and with hope. The welcome extended us by our associates and friends of Detroit assures us that the days we shall spend in this beautiful and hospitable city will be days full of satisfaction and joy. Our prayers are that they may also be days wisely devoted to the best interests of the humble, the neglected, and the needy. This is, indeed, the work of the Divine Master, whose example and teachings all wish to imitate and heed who hope in their own lives to realize the blessings and consolations of that religion which he came into the world to establish.

"The corner-stone to practical religion is the

Golden Rule. How best to obey its mandate is the vital question. We would reflect on no other benevolent enterprise. We would discourage no beneficent measure. We would say nothing to dishearten any man or woman who with good motives seeks good ends. We know that many paths lead to the same goal. But our conviction, our faith, is, that the surest hope of mankind is in America. Within our limits, within our reach, are gathered representatives of all the races of mankind. In our borders are Africans, Asiatics, and Europeans. The apostles were told that repentance and remission of sins should be preached among all nations in Christ's name, and they were also told that the beginning should be at Jerusalem. Is not the meaning and spirit of this divine injunction clear and plain? This command is obeyed by all whose work is done where it will accomplish most to win souls from the paths of sin to the paths of righteousness.

"We rejoice most sincerely in the success of our distinguished brother,* who has, with such zeal, sagacity, and singleness of purpose, labored to raise the splendid contribution of our Church for the support of missions at home and abroad. We can not, however, forget that the fountain from which he draws is and must in the future be found, under Providence, in the Christian homes of our own beloved land. If, by reason of our neglect of home-work, the stream of un-christian tendencies from abroad, and the flood of indifference and vice of our own country, shall overwhelm the institutions of our fathers, the missions of every Christian Church, both home and foreign, will suffer alike by the common calamity. If our eyes are to be gladdened by the sight of heathen lands rapidly becoming Christian, we must direct our efforts and strain every nerve

* Rev. C. C. McCabe, D. D., Corresponding Secretary Missionary Society, Methodist Episcopal Church.

to protect from heathenism our own land. When we see the paganism of other lands—of Asia, of Africa, and of Europe—which has poured in upon our shores, we must recall the pithy statement published in our monthly periodical, *Woman's Home Missions*, that 'nothing can exceed the degradation of a heathen people whom civilization has touched only with its vices.'

"That duty is of highest obligation which is nearest in time and place. With America and American homes what they should be, we need not greatly fear the evils that threaten us from other lands. We can easily shun or safely meet them, if our duty is faithfully done in behalf of the weak, the ignorant, and the needy of our own country. If our institutions, social and political, are imperiled to-day, it is largely because the wealthy and the fortunate, engrossed as they are in the midst of our vast material progress and prosperity, are not sufficiently mindful of what

was taught by the words and life of the Founder of our blessed religion: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' And while we feel so deeply the necessity and importance of our own work, we would pray most earnestly for glorious results in the work of our sisters of the Foreign Missionary Society. In conclusion, I quote again from *Woman's Home Missions:* 'The lifting up of the lowly of our own country ought to interest every man and woman.'"

The Sixth Annual Meeting

Occurred at Syracuse, N. Y., October 28 to November 1, 1887. Mrs. Hayes presented her annual report, from which we preserved the following words:

"The reports of the several officers of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of our Church, which will be read before the society during the

sessions of this Annual Meeting, will sufficiently spread before you the work of the past year. It remains therefore for me to thank, as I now do, our friends in this beautiful city for the very cordial welcome they have extended to us, and to state, without dwelling upon them, a few of the reasons on which the friends of Home Missions rest their claim for increased encouragement and substantial aid, especially from the devoted members of the Church of our choice. Before doing this, I beg leave to repeat from the remarks made by me last year at Detroit a single paragraph: Our conviction is, that the best hope for humanity is in America. Within our borders and within our reach are gathered representatives of all the races of mankind. If, by reason of our neglect of home-work, the stream of unchristian tendencies from abroad, and the flood of indifference and vice in our own country, shall overwhelm our cherished institutions, all missionary work, at home

and abroad, will suffer alike by the common calamity.

"The friends of Home Missions rely on familiar facts. Not less than five millions of people are now added to the population of our country in each ten years by emigration from foreign lands. Among them are no doubt persons of education, of morality, and of religion, who, in spite of want of familiarity with our language and institutions, will in good time become valuable citizens without special effort in their behalf. As to a multitude of others, it may be truly said that the missionary to pagan lands will find nothing more hostile to Christian civilization than the evil influences which immigration brings into the very bosom of our American society. Home Missions seek to protect our own land from imported heathenism. Again, the condition of the emancipated race in our Southern States still engages the attention of the patriot and the philanthropist.

It is represented by well-informed and conscientious observers that the colored people increase more rapidly than the whites in proportion to their number, and that the proportion of the ignorant and unchristian does not diminish. The facts do not permit us to indulge the hope that the Christians of America have done and are doing their whole duty with respect to the Africans within our own borders and at our own doors.

"Never before was the progress of settlement in our new States and Territories so rapid as it is now. The Michigan Conference Home Missionary Society recently published an appeal which should not be passed by unheeded. Its statements as to the situation in the new counties of that prosperous and enlightened State are equally true of other vast regions in our country. The report says an extensive area is largely missionary ground. It is rapidly filling up with a population mainly of Protestant proclivities, and

generally very poor. They are unable to support ministers, but they need the gospel, and wish to have it preached among them. Many of them look to our Church as their religious home. It is unjust that missionaries should be sent into these difficult fields and allowed oftentimes to suffer for the necessaries of life. The Methodist Church has been called the Pioneer Church. No true Methodist will neglect the pioneer mission-work of the Church. I might continue this catalogue. The Indians still claim our attention. The cloud of Mormonism which hangs over Utah is spreading to other Territories. But I have said enough to indicate at least the number and magnitude of the demands on our Church for missions in our own country. The claims of missionary work whose aim is the improvement of American homes are attractive and urgent. Homes such as they should be, neat, orderly, and where punctuality and good methods prevail—in

short, comfortable Christian homes—tend strongly to train the young to abhor those vices which chiefly afflict civilized society, and to practice those virtues which are the best security of wise institutions. Such homes are the fruit of woman's work, and the instruction that gives the household skill which creates them can be imparted only by female teachers, workers, and missionaries.

"In conclusion, may we not sum up the whole matter in these few words? America is 'the cradle of the future' for all the world. The future of America is in her homes, and her homes depend on the mothers of America. Hence the value and importance of missionary societies whose work is done by women in the homes of our own beloved country."

Last Address,

DELIVERED AT THE SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING, BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER 1, 1888.

"Watchman, tell us of the night."

Does the need of Home Missions grow less? Is the opportunity to do good at the hearth-stones of our own land on the wane? Is the call, is the demand for the special work of women in our American society, more rarely heard? The reply to these questions is near at hand, and clear enough to all who see and consider.

The necessity, the opportunity, and the demand for Christian effort are more and more at our very door. Even the champions of unbelief in the doctrines cherished by our fathers, seeing the tide that is coming in upon us, are forced to exclaim, "Men can not do without the Christian religion."

We know how "distance lends enchantment to the view." And, indeed, the benighted people of Africa, of China, of India, and of other pagan lands, have claims upon us. None of them should be excluded from our thoughts, our prayers, or our gifts. But it has been well said—let it be repeated and heard in every Christian circle: "There are needy souls under our own eyes and within reach of our own hands." The significant and appalling fact is, that their number is gaining—largely and rapidly gaining. The most casual glance at the elements of our American society which are deprived, or at least destitute, of Christian privileges, will convince the candid observer that this is not an over-statement of the evils and perils which it is the aim of this society, under Providence, to mitigate, and, if possible, to remove.

It is generally agreed that the Negroes of the South are not dying out by reason of the

freedom they now enjoy. At their rate of increase in the past few years, before the end of the next century they will exceed in number the total present population of the United States.

Devoted men and women, generous philanthropists, and influential religious organizations have labored with zeal and intelligence to uplift these wards of the Nation. The Negroes themselves, wherever they have been adequately reached, have been more than willing, they have been anxious and eager, to accept education and true religion. But the lamentable situation still remains. The multitude, vast and increasing, are still in chains to pagan superstition and the ignorance and vice of generations of bondage.

To deal with this condition is Home Missionary work in the large general sense; and to deal with it most effectively is to reach family life, and to teach correct family habits and true family duties. To do this is the peculiar province

of women, and the special object of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

It is not easy to marshal the missionary duties of women in the order of their importance. Christians can not look, even in the most thoughtless and careless way, at the map of our country, without having their attention fixed by the crime against women that now holds Utah, and which is spreading almost unchecked in all directions. That center of bad influences, moral, social, and political—the government and the law—while they threaten and condemn, fail utterly to abolish or even to control.

There surely never existed before in the bosom of any civilized community such an offense against women, and such a crime against the home. If any one asks the reason for Home Missions, organized and managed by women, Mormonism in Utah furnishes the answer.

The influences and elements of population

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brought into our country from abroad, and the questions arising out of immigration, have undergone vast changes during recent years. These changes are not friendly to American institutions. For the most part, in the first century after the Declaration of Independence immigrants were from the most civilized nations of Europe, and were seeking liberty and land for homes. Now, however, an increasing number come or are brought from the less enlightened European nations and from heathen countries, seeking simply better wages, and caring little or nothing for land or homes. They are sadly lacking in education and religion, and are by no means well fitted for the citizenship of a republic. Their great deficiency is the want of home-life and a due and practical regard for women. How can their needs be better supplied than by means of missions, under the direction of the women of our Churches?

No part of the inhabitants of the United

States are nearer to the hearts of the members of the Methodist Church than our own countrymen, the patriotic Americans who have crowded in such numbers to our Western frontier settlements from Mexico to British America. No one of the old States contains so large a proportion of the veterans of the Union army and of their wives and children. Never before were so many American citizens braving the hardships and privations of pioneer life as may now be found on our widely extended frontiers.

Our Church, with an instinctive foresight of the future of the West, has built a host of churches, and sent out her ministers to do and to suffer in the wilderness. The story of the Methodist preacher on his circuit in the forest, on the plains, and in the mountains, is rarely heard and little known in the old and prosperous States. One hundred dollars a year for the minister, his wife, and the little ones, often in a cold climate,

where almost everything is lacking, and where all things are costly, it has been truly said, is barely enough, not to live upon, but to starve upon. Could all our good friends read the grateful letters coming from devoted clergymen when the box or barrel of the Woman's Home Mission is received, this part of the work of our society would gain a much needed impetus, fruitful of beneficent results.

The appointed work of our society reaches also the neglected poor of the cities, the Spanish Americans, the Indians, and other children of misfortune. I need not for my present purpose try to complete the catalogue of our aims. Our objects and our methods, after full consideration, have been sanctioned by the highest authority of the Church and the General Conference, and they are approved by the bishops.

The vital question is, Shall this society have an increasing and hearty support? Our appeal is

to the clergy and the membership of the Church. The clergy and the Church depend under Providence, in some measure at least, on the women of their congregations. With confidence, therefore, we invoke their aid in our efforts to carry the gospel of Christ to the "needy souls at our very doors."

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